

Title: A Weathered Journal

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This journal appears to be ancient, and has many gaps throughout; Only a handful of entries are still intact, and they seem as if they may not even be in order haphazardly written.

It vexes me greatly that even now, in my friends absence, still the throne has not been rendered unto me as should be my right. It is not as if I expect to hold the position forever, but in the absence of Cantabrigian someone is needed upon the throne to hold the realm together. I fear that if there is no ruler, that we shall fall like chaff and I've yet to see any others who think themselves capable as rulers; perchance it is only a matter of time but as I've writtenthis waiting vexes me.

In the course of my friend's quest to reunite the shards, despite my misgivings about his plan and all the consequences it entails, I felt that it would be entirely idiotic of myself not to perform more research upon some of the magicks that Nystul and Cantabrigian's claim will be utilized.

Much of it seems somewhat similar to Gilforns research, but he prattled on about using my connection with Cantabrigian to try and

force Nystul to tell him everything he knew. It seems that Nystul's distaste for me is more of a private matter than I imagined, or Gilform would probably not have bothered asking. A few assurances that I'd try however, and he told me more about moongates and the teleportation technology than anyone but perhaps Nystul and the Stranger know. He was particularly interested in using moonstones in the process of creating permanent moongates. I feel that had I continued to ask questions, he may have spoken to me until both of us died of old age; I wonder if he is not obsessed over it in the same way that Anon is with those mongbats of his. Hopefully Heckles has had some success with speaking with Chuckles about the current state of things with Nystul, and if not, I can at least send him to the Lycaeum to pick up some more research materials for me.

This new land that they've discovered could hold untold levels of power, but its most peculiar that it already contains shrines to the virtues and even a shrine to the idea of Chaos. I must admit that I am at a loss as to what to make of such a thing. I have theories but is this Ilshenar the ruins that is left of a Sosaria, fallen prey to ever escalating fighting between the zealous forces of those who followed my philosophies and those who followed my friends? A world

where Chaos was incorporated into the virtues? Or a place that somehow, by its own means, came to the same virtues we have and the idea of chaos entirely on its own and developed? Or could it be something even more fantastic than I could possibly imagine? I find myself stricken at once with anticipation and anxiety, curiosity and dread, and while I hope that this land will hold enlightenment to a great many things I fear that like our own, there may lurk untold horrors within its depths.

I have discovered somethingsomething drastic and terrible. A creature that goes by the name Exodus. I can tell that its power is familiar to me, and it reeks of Minax's power and yet is subtly different but worse, I can sense just how powerful this Exodus is. Without Cantabrigian here I don't know who I can trust with this information; Nystul and Dupre have rarely ever been fond of me. There is a possibility though if only I can secure what I need. The creature thinks itself powerful enough to offer me Sosaria under my rule...but it means to do so by conquest. Any who read my political call to anarchy would know that freedom is something I believe all should have and exercise but I think I can convince this monstrous being otherwise and perhaps by tricking it, put myself in a position to stop it. I have already led it to believe I will return to it

and allow it to place me
into a different body
some hideous amalgamation
of flesh and machine. It
then returned me to my
own castle to prepare
myself for conversion, but
I know what I have to
do.

I dont have much time
as the creature expects
me to return or will
spirit me away again at
anytime; at great expense
and effort I managed to
trace the flow of the
spell used to summon me
and correlate it with
Ilshenars known
geography to locate where
this creature seems to
be drawing power from.
By removing or destroying
this area, I should render
it incapable of such
feats, but I have no idea
how well it can detect
these things. In a position
where all choices are
fraught with danger, I
can only choose the one
that presents the least
to the landseven if it
may present the most to
my own person. I may not
be as powerful a mage as
Nystul, but I have not let
him far surpass me
either. Gilforns ideas of
moonstones, perhaps
combined with blackrock
and my own abilitiesits
possible. It was difficult
to obtain blackrock, but
Heckles didnt fail me
and nor has he ever. I
hope that he realizes how
essential his services
were. If I cannot
eliminate Exodus entirely
and still have access to
the blackrockthen I will
destroy everything I can
to prevent it from
manifesting.